Fortunes Tennis-Ball:

OR,

The most Excellent History OF *DORASTUS* and *FAWNIA.*

Rendred in delightful English Verse; and worthy the perusal of all sorts of PEOPLE.

By *S. S* Gent. *Lucit Anacreon.*

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The most Excellent History OF *Doraſtus* and *Fawnia*.

CANT. 1.

Bohemiah's King is viſited
By Sicil's Prince (who had been bred
In King Pandoſto's Royal Court:)
Who doubts his Queen, and he do ſport
Between the ſheets, and (though in vain)
Contrives a way to have him ſlain:
Egiſtus ſees the ſnare, and flyes
By Sea, to ſcape theſe treacheries.

INſpire me gentle Love, and Jealouſie
Give me thy Paſſion and thy Extaſie;
While to a pleaſant Air I ſtrike the ſtrings,
Singing the fates of Lovers and of Kings.
Fertile *Bohemia* (fam'd in *German* Stories,
For happy Goverment, and of her glories,)
Had once a King *Pandoſto* nam'd, by birth
Exceeding Royal, and for innate worth
Every way excellent; His Royal Mate,
Bellaria call'd a Woman bleſt by Fate

With learned Education, fair by Nature,
For vertue famous, earth's divineſt creature:
This happy pair had not been married long,
(Scarce had they reacht the key of *Hymens* ſong)
When generous *Lucina* gave a boy,
To their hearts comfort, and the general joy;
The King to manifeſt his high content,
Proclaim'd a ſolemn Juſt, or Turnament;
Fame bears the Embaſſie on Eagles wings,
His Court is now a Parliment of Kings:
Great feaſtings, maſques, mirth, & deeds of arms
While honour ſits inthron'd with all her charms;
But when this great aſſembly takes her leave,
(And royal Preſents from the King receive)
The Infant Prince (*Garinter*) doth conſort
With careful Nurſes in his Fathers Court:
What can the powers Etheriall add to this?
Can great *Pandoſto* wiſh for better bliſſe?
Or ſweet *Bellaria* covet more than Fate
Already hath confer'd? *But what eſtate*
Can Boaſt a firm fixt baſi's, if the blind,
Falſe, fickle Goddeſſe hath its fall deſign'd;
Sicilia's King (*Egiſtus*) who had found
His Education on *Bohemian* ground
From's Infancy, until the Gods had given
Him power on earth like to the powers in heaven:
To manifeſt no tract of Time could race
His Friendſhip out, nor diſtancy of place
Eſtrange his love, in Ships (well rig'd and man'd,
If cauſe requir'd, the Pyrats to withſtand)

Bur-

Burthens great *Neptunes* back, a choſen train
Of Peers attending on their Soveraign:
The winds were ſtill, no noxious blaſt has power
To ſally forth from *Æols* brazen tower:
The Seas are calm, the crooked Dolphins play,
Doris fair Daughter dancing all the way,
Till great *Egiſtus* treads that happy Earth,
Had been his Foſter-mother from his birth.
Bellaria (in whoſe breaſt the Graces reſted,
With all the glories of her ſex inveſted)
Imagining her husbands Kingly heart
Would be the more her own, did ſhe impart,
All ſpecial favours to his friend, admitted,
(Perhaps more intimacy then befitted)
Egiſtus to her private walks; her eye
Revealing her minds (juſt) captivity;
His Chamber oftentimes ſhe would frequent,
Which caus'd ſuſpition, though no ill was meant;
For theſe two Conſtellations ſtill did move
Within the Orb of true *Platonick* love.
Pandoſto marks their meetings, and doth fry
In the blue flames of baneful Jealouſie:
He calls to mind the beauty of his Dear,
And then *Egiſtus* merits do appear
Full bloo'd; he next begins to ſcrutinize
Their private union, and their Colloquies,
He ſtraightways fancies, and concludes at laſt;
Egiſt a villain, and his Wife unchaſt:
Theſe erring fires ſtill lead him up and down,
Till he grows weary of his Life and Crown.

But yet he knows not which way to compose
A ruine, which may (fallly) crush his foes:
He knows *Egistus* is a mighty King,
And cannot sink without his ruining:
He knows his Wife has every Subjects heart,
Paying just homage to her high desert:
Since then there is no hope of publick force,
He now resolves to take a private course:
Egistus shall not fall by Steel, but die
By Poyson; this must *Franions* industrie
Accomplish; he that bears this Cup must kill
His gentle friend, and hee'l reward thee ill
With numerous dignities: but *Franions* Soul
Dreadly abhors to act a Deed so foul:
He therefore sets before the King what guilt
He would accrew, what blood must need be spilt,
What miseries must follow? But in vain
Does *Franion* charm his Serpent Soveraign,
He must perform't, or die: O killing words!
But *Franion* who by millions of Swords
Had rather perish, then (to give consent
Unto his Prince) to kill the Innocent:
Resolves (what ever hap) to break the thing
Though't break his neck) unto *Sicilian*'s King
To him he opens all; *Egistus* scarce
Can credit *Franion*'s tale; though his discourse
Have secret truth for warrant; Can it be,
Pandosto should be treacherous (quoth he)
First I'le believe earth moves, and Heaven stands
I never propt his foes, or sought his ill: (still,

But

But *Franion* to remove all doubts, declares,
If that *Egiſtus* will forſake theſe Snares,
And Sail into *Sicilia*, if when there
(Safe in his fulgent throne, and free from fear)
The truth of this Narration were not ſhown,
To ſeize his life by tortures yet unknown.
Egiſtus now believes, and craves Advice
Of *Franion* (whom he finds maturely wiſe)
He counſels him, if now the winds ſat right,
To weigh his Anchor, and ſet Sail that night.
Fortune (though blind) favours this rightous cauſe
With buſie care: nor doth *Egiſtus* pauſe,
But (by the help of *Franion*) ſecretly
With winged haſte (by help of *Luna*'s lunacy)
He paſſes through the City Poſtern Gate,
With all his train, and is ſo bleſt by Fate,
To find the Skies ſerene, the Surges tame,
The ſurly Winds aſleep, untill he came
Within the ſight of *Syracuſe*: the Shoar,
Is throng'd with Loyal Subjects, to adore
Their lawful Prince; their chearful ecchoes ring,
Heaven bleſs our Soveraign, God preſerve the King.

CANT. 2.

Pandoſto *ſeizes on his Queen,*
What various griefs and woes are ſeen:
She brings a Daughter forth; whom he
Leaves, to the mercy of the Sea
In a frail Boat; Bellaria's *try'd*
For Looſneſs, and for Paricide:
But by Apollo's *upright doom,*
She ſcapes a wiſht for Martyrdom.
The Prince Garinter *dies, whoſe death*
Bereaves the Queen Bellaria's *breath.*
Pandoſto's *penitence (too late)*
Who builds a Tomb to humour Fate.

EGiſtus thus deliver'd by the Gods
From eminent ruine, and their Altars load
With ſacrifices for their bleſt ſupport,
When death did wait him in *Pandoſto*'s Court:
Whoſe Citizens are all in uproar, they
Believe that the *Sicilians* went away,
doubting ſome curſt contrivance, ſince their flight
Was ſhrowded with the ſullen miſts of night:
But King *Pandoſto* now will pawn his life,
That his Cup-bearer *(Franion)* and his wife
Tellaria, had plotted this protection,
Mov'd by the fervency of her affection:

So

So ſwoln with rage, he inſtantly commands,
Thoſe of the Guard, to lay their guilty hands
Upon his guiltleſs Queen (there's no denial)
And make her Priſoner till the day of trial.
The Guard (with much reluctancy) perform,
The K. commands, the words of Kings can charm
They find her playing with her pretty Son
Garinter, and declare what muſt be done;
Bellaria ſwoons for ſorrow when ſhe hears
The cruel Meſſage, (which they tell in tears)
But her immaculate, thrice ſpot-leſs mind,
Signs her *quietus*, though her death's deſign'd:
Away ſhe goes (free from the thought of crime)
In doleful ſighs and tears to paſs the time.
Pandoſto then complains (his own diſgrace)
That King *Egiſtus* had ſupply'd his place,
Rode in his ſaddle (though his old campanion)
By the lewd practiſe of the Traytor *Franion*,
Who now is fled away with *Sicils* King,
He therefore muſt be juſt in puniſhing
His Wives adultery, the People (who
Do never further then the outſide go)
Eaſily fancy the report ſhe ſtood
(Say they) one fair in fame; ſhe once was good
The injur'd Queen mean time is tyr'd with wo,
And now (as Fates conſpir'd her overthrow)
She finds her ſelf with child, ſhe wrings her hands
For now, quoth ſhe, the King confirmed ſtands,
(Who cruelly conſents to credit fables)
That *Egiſt* put a wrong Point in his tables:

O how does Fortune in diſaſter vary,
Though ſafely brought to bed, I muſt miſcarry;
The Saylor bears a part in this ſame Ditty.
And thinketh it would move the King to pitty,
Conveys the ſtory to his Royal ear,
Who raves and foams like ſome incenſed Bear,
Baited by Maſtiffs: ſhe ſhall ſurely die (lie;
(quoth he) though *Jove* ſhould give my words the
Her Baſtard (too) ſhall ſuffer death, by this:
The glory of the Sex delivered is
Of a fair Daughter, this *Pandoſto* hears,
And (holding up his hand to Heaven) ſwears
Both Child and Mother ſhall be burnt with fire,
His Nobles ſtrives to mitigate his ire:
They tell him that his Queen had ever prov'd,
How much ſhe honor'd, and how much ſhe lov'd
His ſacred Perſon: ſay ſhe were defil'd,
Nature and Juſtice yet would ſpare the Child:
But all theſe reaſons cannot bate his grudge;
Who is the Queens Accuſer, and her Judge:
But yet at laſt he is content to ſpare
The Child, but find a death more cruel far,
He lights on this device: The Child (quoth he)
As't came by Fortune, ſo to Deſtiny
I will commit it in a ſedgy Boat;
This Royal Infant muſt on *Neptune* float,
Left to the mercy of the Winds and Seas;
But Heaven has care of ſuch ſweet Babes as theſe
He then commands his Guard to fetch the brat,
(For ſo he terms it) who was ſucking at

Its

Its Mothers milky tears; what heart can think;
Had I huge Oaks for Pens, the Sea for Ink,
And *Homers* deathleſſe verſe, I could not ſhow
Half the ſtern horror of *Bellaria*'s wo- (child,
Half dead they leave the Queen, and bring the
(Whoſe face would make a ſavage *Scythian* mild)
Unto the King, who ſtrait commands his Guard
To put it into the little Boat prepar'd
For this fell purpoſe; neither Rudder, nor
A Sail to guide it to ſome happy ſhoar:
The Infant plac'd, unto a Ship they tye
The little Bark; and hale it inſtantly
Into the Main; this done they cut the Cord,
And then return to certifie their Lord.
They were no ſooner gone but their aroſe
A mighty Tempeſt (like two potent foes)
Auſtes with *Boreas* fights, the Seas ſwell high,
The ſparkling Surges front the weeping skie:
But here the *Muſe* muſt leave this theam a while,
And unto King *Pandoſto* turn her ſtile:
Who yet not glutted with revenge, conveens
All his chief Lords, declaring that he means
His trothleſſe Queen in open Court to try,
For Murder (meant) and for Adultery:
Behold *Bellaria*'s at the Bar, ſhe throws
A light about her, though hem'd in with woes,
Her innocence gives courage above thought,
And now the King's hir'd witneſſes are brought?
Who heard, the hapleſs Queen declares her grief,
That King *Pandoſto* ever had the chief

Seat

Seat in her heart, that she had ever been
His faithful Subject, and his Loyal Queen:
That she no love had to *Egistus* shown,
But such as strictest Anchorites might own:
Pandosto tells her, that her surest fence,
(Considering her crime) was impudence;
Her guilt emboldens her, but thou shalt die,
Quoth he, by furious fire, to typifie
Thy fate in hell: *Bellaria* kneeling on
The humble earth (in a distracted tone)
Besought the King, by the great love he bare
To his young Son *Garinter* (his sole heir)
To grant her own request ('twas this) to send)
Six of his Nobles, *Phœbus* to attend
At *Delphos*, if that God (who all things knew)
Should ratifie her guilt, all torments due
To Parricide and vile Adulterous sin,
(Practiz'd against the person of a King)
Might be inflicted: his most just Request
So reasonable, could not find the least
Repulse, without *Pandosto* by his deeds
Will make it known, his Will all Law exceeds:
The Queen returns to Prison, he to Court,
And the six Lords together now consort
For *Cynthia*'s Temple, and three weeks expir'd)
Their feet salute that shoar so much desir'd,
With great Devotion the six Peers pass on,
Unto the Fane of fam'd *Hypereon*;
Where come they offer liberal Sacrifice,
And gratifie his Priests with Gifts of Price:

They

They had not long chanted the Hymn divine,
Kneeling before *Apollo*'s Shrine,
But they might hear, a voice reſembling thunder,
(To their great joy, but to their greater wonder)
Crying, *Bohemians*, what ye hap to find,
Behind the Alter, take up? 'tis the mind
Of great *Apollo*; they forthwith obey, (ſay.
And find a Parchment Scrowl, which thus did

THE ORACLE,

Suſpitions are no proofs, and Jealouſie
A judge that's ſway'd with damnd partialitly:
Bellaria's *chaſt*, Egiſtus *void of blame*,
Pandoſto *treacherous, and void of ſhame:*
Franion's *a Loyal Subject: the ſweet Child,*
(That in a paper-Cock-boat was exil'd,
Its native Country) is moſt innocent:
Pandoſto *ſhall embrace his Monument*
Without an heir, unleſs this female's found,
Whom juſtly men conjecture to be drown'd.

No ſooner had the Lords this Shedule handed,
But by *Apollo*'s Prieſts they were commanded,
Not to preſume to read it till they came
Unto *Pandoſto* (as they dread the Name
Of ſacred *Phœbus*) home returned; they tell
The King what hapned at the Oracle,
Shewing the Scrowl: the Nobles of the Land
Intreat the King, he forthwith would command
The Queen unto the bar, and there, before
The Lords and Commons, if ſhe were a Whore,

Ap-

Appoint her ſuch a death as might deter
Her Sex from paths ſo much irregular;
But if her Grace were faultleſſe found, that then
She might be lov'd and honour'd once agen.
This counſel pleas'd *Pandoſto*, and next day
His Peerage all appears, the People they
May witneſs with them; poor *Bellaria* ſtands
Before the Bar, to Heaven her eyes and hands
She lifts, her foul Indictment's read, but ſhe
Puts in a pithy and a noble Plea:
Pandoſto then commands a Duke to read
The Scrowl, being what *Apollo* had decreed:
Which when the people heard, they claps their hands
While King *Pandoſto* all amazed ſtands,
Aſham'd of his raſh folly, but at laſt
He begs *Bellaria* to forgive what's paſt:
But while he's courting her (that's eaſily led)
black news is brought that prince *Garinter*'s dead
Which ſoon as fair *Bellaria* hears, ſhe dies,
Her Soul aſcending to the Deities.
The King (affectionate too late) ſo much
Lament her death, his inward grief is ſuch,
For three days ſpace he's ſpeechleſs, but at length
Recovering his forfeit ſpeech and ſtrength,
He poſts forth ſeas of tears, and makes ſuch moan,
Rocks would relent to hear him ſigh and groan,
But time aſſwages theſe laments: the King
Makes preparation for the burying
Of chaſte *Bellaria*, and his ſoul-leſſe heir,
Whom in one ſumptuous tomb he doth inter:

Making

Making ſuch ſolemn Obſequies as told,
How dear he did his Queen *Bellaria* hold,
Upon whoſe tomb (the glory of her kind)
In Golden Letters were theſe number ſign'd:

Here lies intomb'd Bohemias *bleſſed Queen,*
(Bellaria) *whoſe fame ſhall flouriſh green,*
While Sol *ſhall dart a beam, accus'd to be*
Unchaſt and conſcious of Adultery,
But by Apollos *ſacred Arbitration,*
Reſtored with glory to her former ſtation.
Yet ſlain with grief at laſt grief, that had long
Surcharg'd her ſoul, caus'd by her husbands wrong
Therefore who ere thou art that paſſeth by,
Curſe him that caus'd this Royal Queen to dye.

Unto this monument once every day,
The King *Pandoſto* would repair to pay
A dolourous tribute, where (lamenting) we
Will leave him, and review the raging Sea,
where his young daughter floats on *Neptunes back.*
High providence protecting her from wrack.

CANT. 3.

The Child that floated on the Main,
Is ſav'd by a Sicilian *Swain;*
Who foſters her with happy care,
Till ſhe is almoſt fit to bear.
Her glorious beauty is made known,
To King Egiſtus *only Son;*
Who comes to gaze, but when they part,
Fawnia *ſecludes his Princely heart;*

(*Doubt-*

(Doubting his Fathers rage) they flie
(With an intent) for Italy,
But by a ſullen fate are driven
Into a fair Bohemian *haven*:
Doraſtus *is to priſon ſent,*
(To Fawnia's *direful diſcontent)*
Who now is known Pandoſto's *heir;*
All to Sicilia *then repair:*
There theſe two Lovers (croſt by fate,
Till now) becomes incorporate:
Pandoſto *kills himſelf and leaves*
His Crown, Doraſtus *it receives.*

THe Infant Princeſſe by a cruel doom, (woomb
allowing in bright-hair'd *Thetis* angry
(Toſt by the mercileſſe winds and angry Seas)
Avoids the horrid ſhock for two whole days:
But had not ſcap'd the third: if ſhe that guides
Saphire-hew'd *Neptune*, and in triumph rides
Over the ſurface of the ſwelling deep,
Had not commanded *Spio* ſafe to keep
The Royal Babe, the plyant Nymph obeys,
Guiding the Boat through *Neptunes* pathleſſe (ways
Till on the Coaſt of *Sicily* it ſtands,
There *Spio* leaves it ſticking on the ſands:
It fortuned a Shepheard that had loſt
One of his flock, implores about the coaſt,
His ſheep he ſeek't in vain: but in's retreat,
The Shepheard hears this pretty Lamb to bleat:
He ſtands amaz'd a while, being crampt with fear,
But taking heart of grace, he comes more near,

Finding

Finding the faireſt Babe, e'r ſeen with eye,
Wrapt in a Mantle broidered curiouſly;
The Shepheard (who's aſtoniſh'd at the thing)
Reſolves to bear the Child unto the King;
The pretty bantling in his arms he bears,
And preſently unto his Cot repairs;
But as the Shepheard ceiz'd the Royal Child,
A Purſe of Gold he at her feet beheld:
His mind is altered now, himſelf will keep
The Infant (who does writh its head and weep
Wanting the Dulcid Dug) but he haſtes home,
And is no ſooner to his Manſion come,
But the Child cries aloud; the Shepherdeſs,
(Amaz'd) with both her hands her ſelf does bleſs:
Women (though excellent) are ſo much accurſt
By Nature, that they ſtill believe the worſt:
She thinks it is ſome Baſtard, ceizes on
A Cudgel, vowing Caſtigation:
The good man ſeeing her (who wore the breeches)
Arm'd with her mace, ſtrivs *with the fairſt ſpeeches*
To pacifie her rage (but his ſweet Honey)
Cannot be won, until the Purſe of Money
Greet her grey eyes; declaring all the matter
How he had found the Infant on the water:
She then began to ſimper ſomewhat ſweetly,
And in her arms ſhe takes the Babe moſt neatly;
Be ſure (quoth he) you never blab our ſtore)
Profit (quoth ſhe) is a good hatch to th' door:
All things in order ſet, he carefully
Doth keep his ſheep, ſhe ſings a Lullaby

At home unto her Babe: the Child grew tall,
Inrich'd with all those graces, which we call
Supreamly excellent; she's *Fawnia* nam'd,
Fawnia that shall in future time be fam'd:
The honest Shepheard and the Shepherdess,
Her Father and Mother she doth guess;
Whom she obeyld in all things, yet her face
Was so Celestial; and with such a grace
She lours herself (so young and yet so sage)
All men might run and see her Parentage;
The Swainlings who live near, do wonder sore,
That *Porrus*, who was once so very poor,
Should on the sudden have such wondrous store:
Blest with a daughter too, whose wit and feature,
Alt oft declar'd she was no mortal creature;
Who row such favour finds in each mans eye,
Sicilia's Prince hears of her fulgency;
Egistus Son (*Doraſtus*) whose rare parts,
Wan him the peoples wonder, with their hearts:
Now by the Gods (qd. he) speaking in laughter,
I will go to see the shepherds handsom Daughter:
Who kept her Fathers sheep with solemn care;
The chearful Sun did for the West prepare;
When Prince *Doraſtus* goes from Court set on,
And finds the fairest *Fawnia* all alone;
Sepnus had ceiz'd her fences on the ground,
(Cloath'd with sweet grass she slept, her head was (crown'd
With a Fine Flowry Chaplet. *Flora* she,
Or Arrow loving *Cynthia* seem'd to be:

But

But while the Prince doth feed his greedy eyes,
His noble heart becomes her beauties prize:
Who waking, wonders: ſhe conceits ſome God
Had left the pleaſures of his bright abode,
To bleſſe mortality upon her knee
She falls; Incomparable *Mago*, quoth he,
I am no Deity; 'Though Princes are
"Cal'd Gods, like other mortal men they fare,
"And travel to the Grave the ſelf ſame way:
I am thy ſlave (moſt beautious *Fawnia*)
Behold *Doraſtus*, King *Egiſtus* Son,
Implores thy love; ſure *Fawnia* can be won,
The Shepherdeſs (whoſe colour went and came)
To hear of Love, and Prince *Doraſtus* Name,
Replies, My gracious Lord, it is your will
To jeſt with her, who ſhall adore you ſtill:
But ſimple ſheapheards never aim ſo high
As Princes Courts, the brow of Majeſty
Breaks their frail ſences, Odours poyſon them,
They dare not gaze upon a Diadem.
This ſaid, ſhe roſe and reverently bow'd,
While 1000 thoughts about her ſoul do crowd:
The Prince repaid her courteſie with a kiſs;
Can Heaven (quoth he) afford a greater bliſs?
Now by the powers Celeſtial, ſhould my Father,
(As ſure he will) and all earthly Kings together
Conſpire to hinder my reſolves, I'd do
What my unbounded thoughts do promp me to?
He wed thee (*Fawnia*) we this night will fly
From hence (my dear) to fertile *Italy*;

Good ſtore of Golp and Jewels we will bear,
Along; the Rich find friendſhip every where,
Fawnia replies, your Highneſs ſhall be,
As true and ſacred Oracles to me:
Diſpoſe your humble Handmaid as you pleaſe.
Within theſe few hours we will take the Seas,
(quoth he) I have a truſty Servant, who
I know will further what I liſt to do:
Him will I ſend to thee within this hour,
Him follow, and may the Almighty power
Proſper our loves: this ſaid, they kiſs and part.
Doraſtus ſoon (aided by *Capnia*'s art)
Fills three fair Casks full of Gold, beſide
Trunks full of Rich attire for his fair Bride:
A ſhip lies ready, and (as their intents (rents
Were own'p by Heaven) no rude North wind
The rowling waves; while things preparing were,
Capnia doth unto *Fawnia* repair:
Who welcomes this true Servant to her Lord,
By whom ſhe preſently is brought on board:
The Marriners finding ſuch pleaſant gales,
Prepare for lancing, and expand their ſayls;
When lo *Doraſtus* comes and clips his dear;
And now they on the raging Ocean are,
Who flatters for a while, but ſuddenly
A baleful darkneſs muffles up the ſky;
The winds are all inlarg'd, dire thunder's heard,
The Maſter pores in vain upon the Card:
All look for death, when lo a minutes time,
Makes ſatisfaction for three dayes crime:

All's

All's whiſt, and they are lodg'd within a Port,
That's not much diſtant from *Pandoſto*'s Court:
Doraſtus droops, ſo to miſtake his way,
Inſtead of *Italy*, *Bohemia*:
Fawnia lament, for now behold there came
Some of *Pandoſto*'s Guard, to know what Name
The ſhip did bear, and preſently to bring
All her Inhabitants unto the King:
There no excuſe can ſerve, along they go,
Doraſtus, *Fawnia*, and *Capnio*,
With lowly homage (humbled on the knee)
They do ſalute *Bohemia*'s Majeſty
Who ask *Doraſtus* what's his Name, and whence
He came, who ſtraightway renders his pretence?
My Name (Sir) is *Meleagrus*, by my birth
A Knight brought up on *Trapalonian* earth:
This Gentlewoman, whom I mean to make
My wife; is an *Italion*; for whoſe ſake,
(Doubting her friends conſent) I took my way
(Partial Fate) to *Trapolonia*;
But forc'd by tempeſt hither ('gainſt my mind)
Where I ſhall hope hoſpitious friends to find:
Pandoſto ſtarting from his Throne, replyes,
Now by the everliving Deities.
Thou art a perjur'd Traytor, and haſt won,
(This Lady to her ſure deſtruction)
By curſed Arands; who for her grace and beauty,
Merits that mighty Kings ſhould do her duty,
And till I hear of her deſcent, and can
Prove that thou art a *Trapilonian*,

A Prison shall contain thee: No reply
Dorastus made, being hurried presently
To prison: *Fawnia* wrings her lilly palms,
And swoons away, vext with unceasant qualms:
Pandosto, who (though old and sapless grown)
Loves the lewd act; more than he lov'd his crown,
Did deeply doat on *Fawnia*, comforts her,
Promising if she'l presently confer
Her love on him, he l instantly set free
Her Knight, and raise him unto dignity:
She scarce refrains to pull the Tyrants beard,
Calls him a dog for footy *Dis* prepar'd.
A month is past since King *Egistus* lost
His Son, who sends about to every coast:
At last his willy Messengers resort,
With hasty motion to *Pandosto*'s Court,
Who kindly welhomes them; their charge is thus,
Where ere they find his Son, with courteous
And wining language, to convene him home;
But if they find he will yet further rome,
To bring him into *Sicily* by force:
But for poor *Fawnia* her doom is worse,
She must be murdered presently, and so
The Prince's Servant, faithful *Capnio*;
They had no sooner told the Embassy,
But King *Pandosto* sendeth presently
For *Melcagrus*; he's *Sicilia*'s heir
He knows, and he is glad he has him there:
Dorastus wonders at this great mutation,
But more to see some Lords of his own Nation;

There

There is no bogling now, *Pandosto's* glad,
That he shall manifest the hate he had
Conceiv'd 'gainst *Fawnia* for her great disdain;
Commanding she and *Capnio* should be slain.
Fawnia (no doubt inspir'd by Heaven) cryes,
O why did the cruel destinies
Cause Prince *Dorastus* to affect a Maid
So far beneath him, (now to death betray'd)
But since I must forsake the world, take here,
Brave Prince, this chain, which still for my sake
Which from my Infancy has ever been, (wear.
About my neck, but till now never seen:
Pandosto starts, he knew the chain of old,
It was his Wives: he then began to hold
His thoughts in strict suspence, computes the time
Since (mad with rage) he acted that black crime,
He finds she is his daughter; strait he rears
Himself from's throne, watring his cheeks with
Ah *Fawnia*! my sweet *Fawnia* he doth cry, (tears,
All there admire at this strange Colloquie:
Fawnia is not more glad that she has found
So great a Father (then *Dorastus* crown'd)
With glorious hope, to gain so brave a Wife;
The Lords on both sides joy, that now the strife,
'Twixt the *Sicilians*, and *Bohemia's* state,
Shall cease, and naught remain of ancient hate:
The King great Feasts and Justing doth prepare,
For joy he now hath found a female heir:
Which done, he does imbarque himself and his,
With Prince *Dorastus*, and his only bliss

Div-

Divineſt *Fawnia*: the *Sicilan* Peers
He takes along, and *Neptunes* brow appears
So ſmooth, in ſix days the ſee *Siracuſe*:
Egiſtus marvels when he hears the news:
And having heard *Pandoſto's* ſtory, ſends
For *Porrus* (who was in the Jaylors hands:
Who tells the truth of all, how *Fawnia* ſcapt,
Shewing the Mantle wherein ſhe was wrapt:
Pandoſto Knights him, and the Lovers are
The next day married, *Hymen* every where
Is chanted: *Lo Hymen* each man ſings:
And an Eternal League 'twixt the two Kings
Concluded: every Commoner is feaſted
For forty dayes (ſo long the triumph laſted)
Which was no ſooner ended, but his Soul,
Vext for his former facts, ſo black and foul:
Having betraid his friend, and ſlain his wife,
Pandoſto's own hands take *Pandoſto's* life:
Whoſe death for many dayes they do bewail:
And then *Doraſtus* and his Queen ſet ſail
For fair *Behomia*, where he ſumtuouſly
Inters his Father: Governs graciouſly
For many years, till Death (with little pain)
Did put a perod to his Life, and Reign.

FINIS.

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